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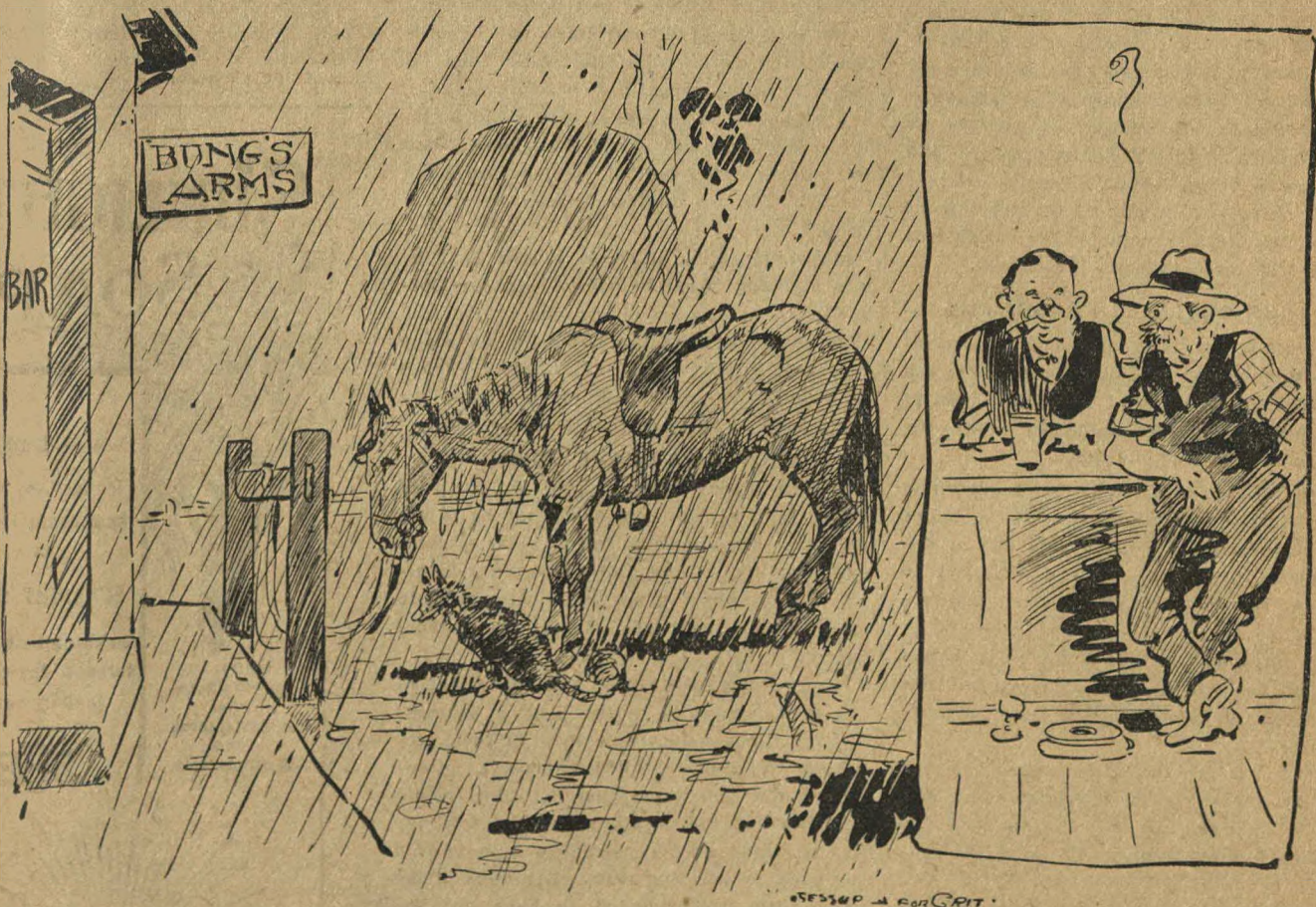
Fruit.

A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION

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PROHIBITION MEANS KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

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GEN. BUTLER, "FIGHTING QUAKER," IS DRIVING OUT BOOTLEGGERS AND OTHER CRIMINALS.

WILL MAKE CITY A DECENT SPOT IN WHICH TO LIVE.

NEW DIRECTOR OF SAFETY DECLARES HE MEANS BUSINESS AND WILL CLAMP ON LID.

BRIBER ALREADY MAKES BIG OFFER.

Cable messages published recently in the daily press have referred to the heroic measures adopted by General Butler, director of public safety in Philadelphia, to "clean up" that city. The following statement of his policy, in his own words, is culled from "The American Issue," and will, no doubt, interest readers of "Grit":

It appears that the Mayor, W. Freeman Kendrick, in a statement issued the day before taking his oath of office, declared the city would be cleaned up within 48 hours after the new administration was installed. This was a sizeable contract, for Philadelphia has long been regarded as a haven for bootleggers, gamblers and vice-lords in general. When it became known that Brigadier-General Smedley D. Butler, of the Marine Corps, known as the "Fighting Quaker," had been given a year's leave of absence to serve in the capacity of director of the department of public safety, the mayor's declaration was regarded as more than an idle threat.

BUTLER OUTLINES PROGRAMME.

General Butler also issued a statement and a warning on his own account, which strengthened the belief of the public that at last Philadelphia was about to break the strangle-hold of the bootlegger.

General Butler said, in part: "I am going to live in the city hall, as that is the police headquarters, until I make this city a decent place to live in. I have arranged to have a bed placed there, and there is a wash-room handy.

"I mean business. This city has called on a marine to make the city clean and decent, and I am going to clean up in a marine's way.

"Every one of the 1,300 saloons, every gambling resort, every red-light den and every crime hang-out is going to have the lid clamped down tight, or I'll know the reason why.

"I don't have to wait until these saloons violate the law in some specified instance. They are a nuisance and they breed crime. If necessary I'll call out the fire department to use pickaxes to break open their doors and then order the men to wreck the bars.

"We will have the best legal talent in the city to defend us and if these lawbreaking saloonkeepers want to sue, let them go ahead. Every saloon in Philadelphia is going to be closed tight, and that includes the so-called 'cider parlors.'

MAKE GOOD OR QUIT.

"When I take office every police lieutenant will get orders to have his district clean as a hound's tooth within forty-eight hours. If he fails in his duty he will be replaced by a man who can do the work.

"There must be some men on the police force who are capable of directing a clean-up and carrying out orders. If there are not, I know of 5,000 ex-marines who will step into their places and do it for me.

"If the present lieutenants do not carry out my orders, they will be demoted, and the sergeants will be directed to carry on. If the sergeants fail, patrolmen will be promoted to leaders, and if that fails, then I'll tell it to the marines."

"I expect to be on the streets at all hours of the day and night to see that those orders are being carried out. I have a free hand: I will not be interfered with by politicians."

Mayor Kendrick made it known that he was standing squarely behind General Butler in the clean-up programme. He said, "The incoming administration did not make the laws, but we shall take a solemn oath on Monday to enforce all of them, and we propose to do so to the limit of our ability."

OUTLAWS LEAVE TOWN.

Within a day after taking his oath of office, General Butler proved that he is not bluffing. The police raided 21 cider saloons, padlocked their doors and arrested two alleged proprietors when they attempted to spill the contents of jugs as the raiders entered.

Word came to the city hall that most of the men higher up in the bootleg business had been driven to cover, some of them, reported to have installed expensive equipment under the impression that they would be permitted to operate under the new administration, were reported to have moved to nearby towns, and many characters of the underworld are reported to have left the city.

Mayor Kendrick and General Butler addressed 2,000 policemen at the Metropolitan Opera House, explaining to them what they were expected to do. In introducing General Butler, Mayor Kendrick told the policemen that he stood back of him in all he did. Relating how the marine corps had broken up banditry on mail trains, General Butler said:

"We went after them and we didn't shoot

to tease them. We shot to kill, and that is what you men are going to do with bandits."

BUTLER OFFERED A BRIBE OF 100,000 DOLLARS.

Already a briber has tried to reach General Butler, as he announced that he had been offered a bribe of 100,000 dollars for the handbook privilege or permission to take race bets without interference from the police. By way of comment the director says, "I have never been connected with anything crooked, and I am not going to start now."

HOW TO MAKE GOOD FAMILY COUGH MIXTURE AND SAVE MUCH MONEY.

Obtain from your chemist or store a bottle of HEENZO (registered name for Hean's Essence), and add it to a large breakfast-cupful of hot water sweetened with treacle or honey and sugar, as per easy directions printed on the label, and you will at once have a family supply of superior quality cough, influenza, and sore throat mixture. No boiling or fussing is needed, the mixture being a matter of but a few minutes, yet each lot made will save the user much money.

If you do not need a Family Supply of Cough Mixture, ask for HEENZO Cough Diamonds. Price, 1s. 6d. per tin. Obtainable almost everywhere.

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IN A NUTSHELL—
the mellow oil of
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SUNLIGHT SOAP
makes all the difference in a true
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WESTERN WIVES.

Decentralisation of Midwifery Training Centres and a Plea for the Home-Grown Immigrant.

An explanation of existing conditions of medical and nursing training in midwifery and in the feeding of infants reveals a state of affairs that is deplorable from the point of view of national security in general and of country women in particular.

As regards midwifery, a comparative statistical analysis leaves N.S.W. very far behind England and many other countries.

THE TRAGEDY OF IGNORANCE.

During the last 30 years over 10,000 New South Wales mothers have died from blood-poisoning and other troubles of childbirth, many of which deaths could have been prevented by the application of better methods of medical and nursing treatment, and it is fair to conclude that at least 20,000 babies have been lost to the young nation. No reasonable person can really excuse those directing the development of the nation for allowing so many thousands of our Australian women and babies to die from causes which are preventable.

DEFECTIVE TRAINING SYSTEM.

The reason that such a large and tragic slaughter of the innocents exists has its foundation in a bad and stupid system of training our medical students and midwifery nurses, but no reorganisation is taking place that will guarantee to save the valuable lives of another 30,000 mothers and babies in the next 30 years. The authorities have taken action to meet the situation, but it can easily be shown that most of these actions are valueless and not designed to bear results.

CENTRALISATION SPELLS PARALYSIS.

Five Midwifery Hospitals have been established in the State. All of them are within the metropolitan area. The internal organisation and domestic regulations within these five hospitals completely deny our country districts the opportunity to reap any benefit whatsoever from the very fine advances that have been made in modern obstetric science.

THE BAD BEST.

The medical student in his course is only given three weeks' practical training in midwifery. What could not the young practitioner reveal of the nightmare horrors associated with his first maternity case, and how silent must many an experienced midwife remain upon matters covering the colossal inexperience of many young doctors whom force of circumstance has thrust unceremoniously into country districts!

SELF-SUFFICIENT.

As regards the training of midwifery nurses, the regulations of our Sydney-bound Midwifery Institutions are such that it is practically impossible for country districts to secure properly trained nurses. In fact, these Sydney hospitals are turning out little

more than enough trained nurses to supply the demands of the metropolis.

ONE BRIEF YEAR.

The principal defect in the whole system is that the period of training midwifery nurses is only one year.

Will anyone say that this is sufficient? Even nurses of twenty years' experience realise how very much more there is to learn about this delicate and difficult subject. The training of our nurses is not made any the easier by the regulation that no wages are to be paid during this year of all too hurried and scattered study. In general nursing the term of service is four years on a salary rising on an increasing scale. Is it any wonder that there is a general shortage of midwifery nurses for the city and few to spare for the country? Apart from the fact that no wages are paid during the period of training, the heavy entrance fee of £60 constitutes a bar to many a good woman having a natural aptitude for this class of nursing. In the case of the country girl the restriction of opportunity is so complete that the number who could surmount the difficulties cannot be worthy of record. Again, the one year's course in midwifery nursing does not include that most essential study of infant feeding now covered by the Plunkett system, so that a nurse, after being certificated as proficient to act as a midwife, must then take a three months' special course in the Plunkett system at the Tressillian Welfare Home to make a study of that part of her complete training that obviously should have come along at the very initiation of her course of training.

THE LIFE LINE.

It seems clear then that every woman anxious to give relief to her sisters in the far west should make a study of the case against existing evils in our midwifery establishments, and then drive that case home to all members of Parliament and other citizens who claim to be lovers of their fellow-men. The matter is vital, and directly concerns both our State and Federal Parliaments. More or less directly, it affects the policy of our great Departments of Land Settlement and Immigration. The first department is concerned to know why the number of rural settlers in this State has decreased instead of increased by up to 20,000 persons during the last ten years in spite of the expenditure of £20,000,000 or more on Closer Settlement, while the population of Sydney has correspondingly increased by 200,000 more favored souls.

How often in our own knowledge is the real reason for a family leaving the farm that of the tragedy of life there as regards the unbearable and nightmare problem of

child-bearing under impossible and inhuman conditions of dread and inaccessibility.

How deeply the subject concerns the Immigration Department is patent to even the most casual student of national problems. The home-grown Australian baby and the Australian-born baby of the recently arrived immigrant family are the most valuable of all the assets this department could possibly foster. If it can be shown that the establishment of an endowed Chair of Midwifery at our University would probably cost £60,000, how fruitfully could the Department of Immigration divert that amount from the huge sums it now spends upon overseas projects for meagre and insignificant results. Then, again, the best immigrant agent or the worst enemy to that department in 1925 is going to be that 1924 migrant family who writes to the home-folk telling of the conditions (or lack of conditions) under which the latest addition to the newcomers' family arrived.

The reforms necessary to secure the objective of saving every mother and child possible include among other things action in the following matters:

1. Establishment of a Midwifery Chair at the University.
2. Increase in the period of medical students' practical training in Obstetric Science.
3. Removal of the entrance fee for nurses to midwifery hospitals and payment of reasonable salaries to same.
4. Considerable increase in the period of training of midwifery nurses.

(Continued on page 16.)

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FIELD DAY APPOINTMENTS.

SUNDAY, MARCH 16.

11 a.m.: Greenwich Anglican Church;
7.15 p.m.: Lane Cove Anglican;
Mr. Chas. W. Chandler.

11 a.m.:
7 p.m.: Balmain Presbyterian Church;
Mr. Chas. E. Still.

11 a.m.: Greenwich Congregational Church;
7 p.m.: Leichhardt Congregational Church;
Ex-Senator David Watson.

11 a.m.:
7.15 p.m.: Campsie Methodist Church;
Mr. P. Adler.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

R. B. S. HAMMOND.

Tuesday, March 18: Blacktown School of Arts, 8 p.m.

Monday, March 24: School of Arts, Port Kembla.

Tuesday, March 25: Church of England School Hall, Mortlake.

CAMPAIGN NOTES.

News still comes drifting in of useful work accomplished in the North, and of evident interest evinced in Prohibition work at even the most remote centres.

Ex-Senator David Watson is back again in the metropolis, so also is Mr. Chas. E. Still, who accompanied Mr. Watson during the northern tour just completed. Both of them speak in very high terms of appreciation of the cordial greetings extended to them by Prohibitionists.

Many firm friends and supporters are in the North, and we join with our two returned representatives in extending in turn the hearty thanks of the Alliance for the very valuable and practical assistance so generously given on behalf of Prohibition.

Rev. C. L. Connor, of Gunnedah, called at headquarters whilst in town for the Methodist Conference and left behind him a delightful feeling that Gunnedah Prohibitionists have a helpmate and counsellor to be worthily proud of. We are looking forward to future developments in Gunnedah district.

Mr. Heath, of Currelley, one of the "tried and true" Prohibitionists, also visited us whilst in town, and his visit was heartily appreciated. He, with Rev. C. L. Connor, arrived here in time to bid our "Fun Factor," Australia's "Dry" Comedian, au revoir, as he was leaving Sydney to give Melbourne of his best.

We saw many familiar faces at the "great picnic" recently, and await with intense interest the advent of an Annual Combined Conference and picnic whereat workers from all parts of the States will be represented and their thoughts spoken.

FIELD SECRETARY SAYS—

I am hoping that the replies to my letter to branches and workers will continue to bring in a batch of replies by each mail.

The response to date is extremely gratifying, and we hope that the steady stream of replies will continue. With Stevenson I like to think, "When we look into the long avenue of the future and see the good there is for each one of us to do, we realise after all what a beautiful thing it is to work, to live, and be happy," and we can never be

"MAKE PARLIAMENT DRY."

The Leader of Australian Prohibition Party, will address

Monster Meetings

in the Public Interest, which will be held in

SCHOOL OF ARTS
BLACKTOWN

on

TUESDAY, MARCH 18th
at 8 p.m.

SCHOOL OF ARTS
PORT KEMBLA
MONDAY, MARCH 24th
at 8 p.m.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND
SCHOOL HALL
MORTLAKE

on

TUESDAY, MARCH 25th
at 8 p.m.

The Prohibition Party expects that every citizen will voice their emphatic protest at these meetings and elsewhere against continuance of the liquor traffic.

You must hear

R. B. S. HAMMOND

The Popular Leader of the Prohibition Party tell you his reasons why Parliament must be dry.

Admission is Free. Collection.

more happy than in assisting others over the pitfalls of the time through our honest efforts in Prohibition work.

THE LEGION OF HONOR.

N.S.W. ALLIANCE OF CHURCHES AND TEMPERANCE ORGANISATIONS.

The sundial on the Lawn of Opportunity says: "Work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh wherein no man can work."

The Wizard of the North, Sir Walter Scott, planted the sundial in the centre of the lawn at Lasswade cottage and inscribed on the dial were these words: "Work while it is called to-day; for the night cometh wherein no man can work."

Let us plant our Prohibition sundial right in the centre of the lawn of our community where all may read the mystic words.

Daylight fades, and evening shadows precede the black of night wherein no man can work; the time to work is now whilst the daylight of opportunity lights the scene of labor. The daylight will not last, however, and we must be up and doing while it is yet light. Everyone may do their share; laborers are wanted in plenty. No effort is too humble; no offer is too great. A great task lies ahead and light is necessary for the completion of our task (the eradication of the Liquor Traffic from New South Wales). What have you done towards your share of the task? What do you intend to do whilst it is still light?

Let the significance of the wonderful words engrave themselves upon your mind. Let their echoes reverberate through the recesses of your mind and heart, just as they embedded themselves in many minds from the sundial of Sir Walter Scott, from the dial of Dr. Johnson's watch, and just as they echoed and re-echoed down the years, from the pages of the very first book penned by Thomas Carlyle amongst the Mosshags of Craigenputtock.

Did I hear you say you cannot do anything to help?

Of course you can! History hands down to posterity happy memories of the young farmer, who, taking down his Bible by the fireside when red revolution and wild tumult raged in his beloved homeland, which was experiencing national decay for want of a strong man to lead the nation, and turning to the closing chapter of the Epistle of the Philippians, is amazed at the wonderful achievements of Paul through the Grace Divine. The ploughman is encouraged and thrilled on reading verse 13 wherein Paul said: "I can do all things through Christ that strengthened me." The young Huntingdonshire farmer said, "Paul's Christ is my Christ," and it was with that quiet Divine assurance that the farmer, Oliver Cromwell, became king.

Paul's Christ is our Christ. Let us work with the knowledge and acceptance of his assurance, and the wild tumult and revolution of the Liquor Traffic will soon be no more. Let not your mind be troubled with doubts and fears. Rather say with Paul, "I can do all things through Christ that strengthened me." I can rid the State of the noxious Liquor Traffic, so long as I accept the same Divine assurance as the young farmer, and so long as I work while it is called to-day; for the night cometh wherein no man can work."

The past has seen the evaporation of fond hopes, has seen anticipation turn to doubt, doubt to dismay, has seen many splendid workers lose heart and feel discouraged at the callous indifference of those whom we were wont to believe were our political friends and comrades. Let us put aside our chagrin, our dismay, our discouragement, our

(Continued on page 12.)

People Produced More, Spent More and Saved More in 1923 than Previous Year; Business Excellent.

Everybody Had Work, Prices Were Stable, and Output Exceeded that of any Year Since War; All Lines Showed Improvement and Evidence of Prosperity.

GROCERY TRADE, INDICATOR OF PLENTY AND HAPPINESS, WAS BETTER THAN EVER, REPORT.

Secretary Hoover Shows Healthy Balance of Trade in Favor of America; Makes Hopeful Forecast for New Year; General Trend of Opinion very Optimistic.

EARNINGS INCREASED, SAYS THE FEDERAL RESERVE BOARD'S STATEMENT.

Wages Were at High Level for even Unskilled and no Decrease is in Prospect for 1924; Building Operations Manifest no Halting Tendency.

By J. H. LARIMORE.

America's population produced more, used more, spent more, and put more into savings in 1923 than in the previous year, according to a statement by the federal reserve board, which statement is supported by evidence given by economists, bankers, financial writers and others conversant with the situation. Prohibition has not killed business.

The reserve board's review said that as a whole the year was characterized by large industrial output, practically full employment, and sustained consumers' demand for goods, and a level of prices more stable than in any year since 1915.

"A national income larger than in 1922, arising out of increased earnings of factory workers and larger proceeds from the sale of farm products," the review says, "furnishes the buying power to absorb the year's output of goods. The income of industrial workers is the result of a volume of employment approximately 13 per cent. larger than in 1922, and of wage advances greatly exceeding that of the previous year."

The review goes on to say that the increase in income was not accompanied by a corresponding rise in the cost of living, and that the large growth of savings deposits indicates that there was a considerable margin of income above expenses. The retail trade volume was greater for every month of 1923 than for 1922, and department-store sales were 13 per cent. higher than those of 1922.

The volume of railroad traffic was the largest on record, and this was facilitated by heavy improvement of transportation machinery and equipment.

Farmers received 12 per cent. more money in 1923 than in 1922, and sales of mail order houses representing chiefly purchases in rural commodities increased 31 per cent. There was an exceptionally heavy demand for houses and automobiles. The total automobile output of the year is in round numbers 4,000,000, an increase of more than 50 per cent. over 1922.

BUILDING OPERATIONS HEAVY.

Building operations on a considerable scale were general throughout the United States, and residential buildings not only increased more rapidly than construction for business and industrial purposes, but constituted a larger proportion of the total than in the four previous years. This increase in home-building was accompanied by large sales of furniture and household goods.

Agricultural machinery manufacturers and dealers had a better year than in 1922. Builders' hardware continued active even after winter set in. Approximately 580,000,000 dollars was spent for furniture. The demand for plate-glass was heavy, due largely to the increase in automobile production and the volume of business houses and

hotels erected. Glass factories were far behind orders at the end of the year.

The grocery trade was on a stable basis, with sales in many sections showing an increase of from 5 to 10 per cent. The total figures were swelled by the demand for holiday goods.

Practically the same story is told in clothing, hats, shoes and other wearables. The iron and steel industry had one of its greatest years in 1923. Even the lowest month of the year was 100 per cent. above the daily average production of the best month of 1921 and 36 per cent. above the daily average maintained in 1922. The increase in the automobile business, demands for railroad equipment, road improvements and the building of bridges stimulated purchases in the iron and steel markets.

According to "Trade Trends," a monthly business review in Columbus, Ohio, the holiday retail trade was the best ever known in many centres, and although retail, mail order and automobile sales reached new heights in 1923, savings banks accounts of the American people increased by more than 1,000,000,000 dollars, to a total of 18,378,000,000 dollars. This is a per capita savings account of 167 dollars. Christmas club savings by five million persons in this country amounted to 211,000,000 dollars. More than 60 companies distributed 50,000,000 dollars in extra and increased dividends in the last two months of the year.

The total spent by the railroads is not completed, but up to the late months of the year it was over 1,000,000,000 dollars. Nearly 160,000 new freight cars were put into service and nearly 50,000 cars ordered and 3,371 locomotives were added to railroad equipment.

STILL MORE NEEDED.

It is estimated that building operations entailed the expenditure of 5,000,000,000 dollars, which was 25 per cent. higher than in 1922. In many cities building was limited only by a shortage of labor. Despite this enormous activity, however, S. W. Straus of New York, long associated with building financing, estimates that there is still a need for 8,000,000,000 dollars worth of new edifices.

Wages were at a high level even for unskilled men, and the wage scales were still further enhanced by opportunities for overtime at one and one-half, or twice the regular scale, and by bonus systems. In some sections crafts have voted to demand higher pay when their present agreements expire this year. In St. Louis, lathers have asked a basic wage of 14 dollars a day.

Brooklyn borough, in New York, was the city which in 1923 made the highest building total record. In Chicago, according to the newspapers, 1924 promises to eclipse 1923, which saw contracts awarded during the first eleven months to the amount of

265,625,400 dollars, which is 21 per cent. more than a like period for 1922, which was the highest previous year.

Herbert Hoover, secretary of commerce, declares that summing up all factors, the odds are favorable for 1924. Among other things, he said:

"In 1923 the United States witnessed the highest total productivity and movement of commodities since the war, with full employment, high wages, greatly increased savings, large additions to home building and the largest increase in railway equipment since the war. The whole has been accompanied by a remarkable absence of speculation, consequent from accumulation of consumable goods or dangerous expansion of credit. As we are not in a boom, we can expect freedom from a slump."

"A more detailed examination of our own situation, based on the first eleven months, and some later data, indicates that our foreign trade will show about 4,100,000,000 dollars in exports and about 3,800,000,000 dollars in imports, an increase of 7 per cent. in the former and 20 per cent. in the latter over 1922."

"The merchandise balance will be about 300,000,000 dollars in our favor. Net gold and silver imports will be about 260,000,000 dollars, or on the face of these figures almost a full liquidation of the trade balance. On the other hand, our very large net expenditure on tourists, emigrant remittances and other current invisible items have been apparently liquidated by the very considerable flight of capital from Europe."

MONEY SPENT FOR LUXURIES.

Not only was there activity in stable and necessary goods, but for luxuries, novelties and less necessary articles the American people spent millions of dollars. There were numerous installations of radio sets, talking machines, etc. Theatres, motion pictures, and other amusement concerns enjoyed large patronage. Telephone messages totalling 24,738,748,739 were heavier by nearly 10 per cent. than in 1922. There was an increase in the number of systems in the mileage of wire and in individual telephones. Manufacturers of and dealers in soft drinks, candies, chewing gum and the like report heavy business.

The outlook for 1924 in all lines, according to men who keep their eyes on the situation, is very hopeful. The indications are that the period of prosperity will be extended for the coming twelve months. Business is on a sound foundation, wages are stable and employment promises to be constant. Favorable factors in the outlook as the year opens include the country's stupendous credit resources, improvements in agricultural conditions, continued large employment, moderate inventories, gains in railroad earnings and efficiency, large building and automobile activities, and the prospects of a reduction in taxation.

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A SPLENDID NIGHTCAP :

GRIFFITHS BROS. **Signal Cocoa**

LAW AND MORALITY.

ADVICE FOR ARCHBISHOP KELLY.

"No individual and no nation can be made moral by an Act of Parliament," stated Archbishop Kelly at Wellington (N.Z.) when discussing Prohibition. —Cable item.

How much longer is this well-worn platitude going to do duty as solid argument against Prohibition? Isn't it time it were accorded a decent funeral?

Archbishop Kelly is fighting a shadow, and it is amazing that a man of his education, intelligence and experience should not long since have discovered the logical fallacy which completely vitiates his argument.

The statement that you cannot make an individual or a nation moral by Act of Parliament is true. Nobody ever questioned it. But you can elevate the moral standards of a community by education and example, and the point is that when a community has been educated up to the realisation that certain lines of conduct ought to be pursued and others avoided, it is entitled to have its views registered in the laws of the country.

Does Archbishop Kelly think that the Ten Commandments are futile because they have failed to make millions of people decent, moral people? Would Archbishop Kelly abolish the Criminal Code because, despite its provisions, we still have to contend with cases of murder, rape, arson, robbery, and so forth? If not, what is the point of his argument against Prohibition?

Archbishop Kelly is an honest man. That being so, it is only possible to conclude that he has not, in the course of a busy life, had the leisure to devote himself to a study of the principles of legislation. He ought to read Montesquieu. Dicey's "Law and Opinion in England" would prove helpful. A course of jurisprudence wouldn't do any harm, but, above all, the Archbishop ought to furnish himself with a copy of Jevons' "Elementary Lessons in Logic."

✱ *Laundrena* ✱

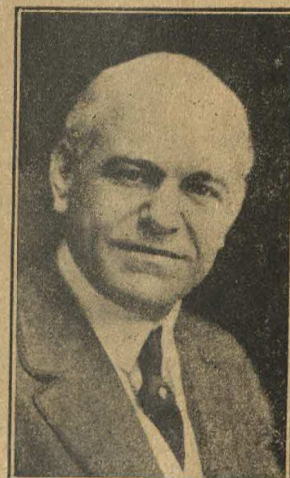
the Quality

Starch

For dainty women

AN INSPIRATIONAL MAN.

Dr. William Edward Biederwolf, the American Presbyterian Evangelist, who is to open a revivalist campaign in the Sydney Town Hall on the 23rd inst., comes to us with no small reputation. As author, athlete, scholar, pastor and army chaplain alike, he has won no inconsiderable fame in the United States. After graduating at Princeton, he continued his studies in Germany, and then, after travelling in the Holy Land, he was called to the pastorate of the Broadway Presbyterian Church in Logansport, Indiana. He served in the Spanish-American war as a chaplain. "He exemplifies in his



DR. BIEDERWOLF.

life and character the highest New Testament type of religious spirit and experience," writes one who knows him. "He ranks with such men as Gipsy Smith, Wilbur Chapman, R. A. Torrey, and W. A. Sunday. He possesses the learning of Torrey, the pathos of Smith, the generalship of Chapman, and the fiery zeal and eloquence of Sunday." He is accompanied by his wife, and his party includes Mr. Homer Rodeheaver, song leader, Miss Grace Saxe and Miss Florence Hay.

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ARE "SPOOKS" NEEDED IN SYDNEY?

SOME PERTINENT QUESTIONS.

(By W. D. B. (JACK) CREAGH.)

Seven days at sea, improved health already, varied interests, same old ship-life: it all agrees with me, but I long to be back in Sydney.

On the Osterley there are all sorts and conditions of men and women, and all have been affected by the fact that a young man is missing from the stokehold because he got drunk, and while in an intoxicated condition was led to do a mad, foolish thing that ended in the loss of his life. His mates all agree that he was "tanked," "shickered," "well-oiled," not only he, but all the party, served until closing time. One wonders just how many men and women were turned out drunk that evening.

SPOOKS RESENTED IN SYDNEY.

I gather from the "Adelaide Advertiser" of February 21, 1924, that the decision of the Minister of Justice (Mr. Ley) to appoint two civilians as special licensing inspectors has threatened to cause trouble in the Police Force, and the appointments have been deferred.

I respectfully ask the police and politicians, especially the Minister for Justice, to look at things from the right angle, put away all cant and humbug, and admit things as they are. The police resent the appointment of two persons who are to be appointed. Why? Because the police have failed to regulate and control the liquor traffic. There is no argument about this, for in every branch of service, police circles especially, the fact of failure stands out.

PERTINENT QUESTIONS.

I am sorry I am not in Sydney to go further into the matter, but I would ask the Chief of Police, and also the Executive of the Police Association, to answer the following questions:

(1) If it is wrong to appoint special men to help keep a lawless licensed trade in order, why is it not wrong for the police to appoint civilian specials to help them catch the sly-grogger and other law-breakers? In this respect the names of Gabriel, and the present man Mr. Chuck, now doing the work, crop up. The police admit, and evidence

proves, that they cannot catch certain law-breakers without the aid of specials. And there are types of liquor law-breakers that the police cannot or will not catch.

(2) If the police are so tender about the proposed new appointments, why did they not object to the licensed victuallers appointing five special officials to control the liquor law-breakers? I refer the police to Mr. Durham and Mr. Donnison for any details regarding the latter, but I do know that some, if not all, of those appointed by the liquor people were ex-police officers.

SOME FACTS SHOWING THAT THE POLICE CANNOT CONTROL LIQUOR.

It is a fact that drinking amongst the police has led to many splendid officers being disgraced, and certain known officials have been removed because of their association with liquor-sellers and drinking.

It is a fact that drunkenness is on the increase, showing absolutely that the police are letting the liquor traffic run riot in the social order.

It is a positive disgrace to see, day after day, the victims reeling about the bars, the police generally being active when the drunks are put out.

The patrol motor work is most active just after the bars close. This is a public scandal. The condition of thousands of homes, the accidents, and the fact that last year 89 men and women were killed while drunk in Sydney, causes not only disgust, but a feeling of horror to run through those in the know.

EVERY CONSTABLE KNOWS.

There is a song that finishes each verse with these words: "Ask a Policeman!"

The police are as a general rule a splendid, well-informed body of men; but no man will deny that alcohol plays the biggest part in the social disorders that they are called on to clean up. If that is so, it ill becomes the Police Association to admit into the advertising columns in the monthly Police Magazine so many liquor advertisements. Fourteen out of sixty-four are liquor advertisements. One of these advertisements

TO PARENTS.

Have you realised the importance of instructing your children in matters of sex which every child has a right to know in a clean, wholesome manner? If you want help write to us for some of our penny booklets, and send one shilling in postal note or stamps, with your full address. We can supply booklets for Parents, Boys, Girls, Youths and Maidens. You will never miss a shilling so spent, and your children in years to come will thank you heartily. Rev. R. B. S. Hammond has been using them for past 24 years.

The Australasian White Cross League,

56 ELIZABETH-STREET, SYDNEY.

W. E. WILSON, Hon. Secretary.

even admits that the hotel proprietor is the policeman's friend. The mat outside the door of the Chief of Police could tell if alcohol sellers were the friends of policemen.

A PRACTICAL TEST.

Not long ago I tackled a certain Inspector of Police about the serving of people when drunk. He denied it, so I started a crusade to prove my statement. Accompanied by reputable citizens we watched. The result was that in a short period licensed liquor sellers were convicted, including the licensees of the Arcadia Bar, Castlereagh-street, and the Brighton Hotel, Oxford-street.

I make this statement now: That a few conscientious men and a few women could clean up, also safeguard homes and lives, that now are wrecked because of the apathy of the police; but no system will ever be found to control a powerful drugged liquor in common use as a beverage.

The police of to-day need not worry, for the police that have passed could not, and did not, control liquor. They can only minimise the trouble. They, the police, should be fair, and acknowledge defeat. They should welcome fresh aid. I know of magnificent men in the force, but their hands are tied, especially in the Courts, when it comes to liquor cases. The man in the street, also many policemen, say harder things than I do. Hints and insinuations are hurled repeatedly at the police by those who travel and see the unfair advantage that liquor-sellers have when it comes to law-breaking.

I wonder will Mr. Ley back down; that's the question.

UNSETTLED.

Anxious Old Lady (on river steamer): "I say, my good man, is this boat going up or down?"

Surly Deckhand: "Well, she's a leaky old tub, ma'am, so I shouldn't wonder if she was going down. Then, again, her b'ilers ain't none too good, so she might go up."

STOIC INSECT.

You never hear the bee complain,
Nor hear it weep and wail;
But if it wish it can unfold
A very painful tail.

BOOKS THAT YOU NEED.

Jerry McAuley: An Apostle of the Lost...	5/-
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The Wisdom and Wit of T. De Witt Talmage	7/6
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Nine Thousand Miles in the Track of the Jew	6/6
The Promise of Life (C. Harrington Lees)	3/6
Failure and Recovery (C. Harrington Lees)	3/6
Scofield Reference Bibles, various bindings	11/6 to 84/-
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A Personal Chat with my readers

THE VALUE OF A HOBBY.

I hope the "comp." won't spell hobby "hubby," because I have nothing to say about "hubby" just now, except that he is far too useful to be thoroughly overworked, as he is in many cases.

Some American wit has said, "If a man has sunshine in his soul, he doesn't need moonshine in his stomach."

This is the doctrine of elimination by occupation, and it undoubtedly works. It is strange how many people there are who have not yet learned that while the devil tempts an idle person, it is also true that an idle person tempts the devil.

This is a temptation the devil never tries to resist.

The question is, what will you take up as a hobby? Can one have "sunshine in one's soul" and by so doing find freedom from the claims of "moonshine," by which I mean any of the fool ways by which so many are ensnared and made useless and unhappy?

The greatest source of happiness is to be occupied. Many a person has been quite cheerful at a funeral because they were so busy managing the whole thing.

A hobby has been a wonderful factor in many people's lives—have you one?

Ivy Gibbs says:

I count my days well spent if I have shed
One little ray of sunshine in some heart
Grown dreary.

And if some brother's burden I have helped
To share—I am content if he but finds the
way

Less weary.

Well spent I count my days if I have sought
To pierce another's darkness and reveal
Truth shining.

If I have set his feet upon the way
Achievement lies, I need not spend one hour
Repining.

A man went hunting.
IT IS AN ILL DURING THE DAY A RAIN-
WIND, ETC. storm came on. In order
to keep dry he crawled

into a hollow log. When the rain began
to fall the log began to swell, until he
could get neither way. He thought his end
had come. He thought of all the wrongs he
had done, and when he recalled that he had
not sent a subscription to his paper this
year he felt so small that he crawled right
out of the log without difficulty. Does this
story fit you?

This seems to hold out advantages to
wrong-doers that I would not suggest your
banking on.

CO-OPERATION.

It has been reported that a famous capitalist, in reply to the question, "Which was the most important factor in industry—labor, capital or brains?" replied: "Which is the most important leg of a three-legged stool?"

It seems impossible to get into some folks' heads that Capital and Labor are the husband and wife in the family of industry. If you get a divorce, which of them will re-marry, and who will they re-marry?

It takes two to make a quarrel, and it is equally true that it takes two to produce.

If the Government takes the place of the capitalist, what reason is there to believe that the new partner will be less tyrannous, more generous or considerate?

Surely the way out is not in a change of partner, but a change in the partner?

It seems that we will be forced to try Christianity yet.

O brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother;

Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;

To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great example

Of Him whose holy work was doing good;
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's Temple,

Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.
Then shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangor

Of wild war music o'er the earth shall cease;

Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,

And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.

—Whittier.

TRUTH IN HUMOR.

Americans have a fine taste for humor, and provide abundant evidence that there is something in the old saying that "Many a true word is spoken in jest."

Here are a few examples:

"Girls would dress sensibly if men were not insensible to sensible things."

"Every man who has gone in and tried to stop a family fight ought to understand why the U.S.A. hesitate to interfere in Europe."

"When nobility ruled, it took three generations to make a gentleman. Now it takes only three coats of whitewash."

"A Viennese portrait painter has arrived in America to paint the fifteen most beautiful

GRIT

A JOURNAL OF
NATIONAL EFFICIENCY
AND PROHIBITION

"Grit, clear Grit."—A pure Americanism, standing for Pluck, or Energy, or Industry, or all three. References probably had to the sandstones used for grindstones—the more grit they contain the better they wear.

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1924.

women.' Maybe he will find 'em a good deal painted already."

"As a war to end war, it was a fizzle; but as a peace to end peace, this one is doing well."

The pioneer is too often forgotten. Those who have rendered us service are poorly rewarded. Margaret Widemer makes this touching appeal:

When you are old
And have, perhaps, the time for pitying,
Think of us, then,
And our too stormy and too tragic spring...
You'll have forgotten us; we shall be dead;
Yet it was we
Whose bodies made the bridge for you to tread.

You do not fear;
You ride abroad with neither pain nor ruth.
But we
We fatter, we held dum
We too were Youth—
With our unlearned and close-chained hands
we lit the spark
In terror. Nay, we were not brave, as
you...
You have no fear—but now the light has come.

You are most brave,
But yet your light—it was the light we gave.

Think of us, then,
Whose bodies made the bridge for you to tread,
When you are kind and old—and we are dead.

The Editor.

LOAFING ON THE GOVERNMENT.

IS THE NATIONAL CHARACTER DETERIORATING?

MORE SELF-RELIANCE NEEDED.

Is the national character deteriorating? Are Australians losing some of those qualities of character which hitherto have earned for them the respect and the admiration of the rest of mankind?

The mere suggestion is disquieting. Obviously, all is not "as right as right can be," otherwise the suspicion would not arise. Let us, then, honestly take stock with the purpose of ascertaining what foundation, if any, may exist for the supposition that we may be deteriorating. Accurate diagnosis is the first step towards successful treatment.

On the testimony of observers not themselves Australians, our chief claim to distinction resides, or used to reside, in a highly-developed spirit of independence and self-reliance, without which this country could never have become what it is to-day. Most students of our national history have found in it a dominant note of tragedy, and have paused in admiration before the indomitable pluck and perseverance which alone enabled the pioneers of free settlement to overcome the terrible forces of nature which seemed to be arrayed against them. It is easy to forget nowadays that more than once this land was on the point of being abandoned, and that courage and determination alone saved the day.

"That man is best served," said Rousseau, "who has no occasion to put the hands of others at the end of his own arms," and Bentham once declared that whilst the word independence "is united to the accessory ideas of dignity and virtue," the word dependence "is united to the ideas of inferiority and corruption."

It is impossible to resist the unhappy conclusion that for many years past we have been substituting dependence for independence in our national and civic life. The fault does not perhaps lie so much with individuals as with the trend of modern politics—the detestable notion that maximum rather than minimum interference in the lives of the people is the legitimate aim of government.

SOME REMARKABLE FIGURES.

But, wherever the fault may lie, the fact is unassailable, sustained, as it is, by the cumulative verdict of a whole mass of statistical evidence.

Consider, first, the public indebtedness of the country. The National Debt of Australia, including Commonwealth and States, amounts to close on £900,000,000, or more than £160 per head of the population. That is considerably more than the total National Debt of Great Britain before the war! Half the total amount was borrowed abroad, and of the other half, raised in Australia, it is reasonable to suppose that a large proportion was subscribed by firms financed with

British capital. Moreover, there is no serious attempt to repay any of this money. The best we ever do is to seek renewals on the most favorable terms. Meanwhile, new extravagances are devised and new debts are incurred in order to minister to our creature comforts and to supply the increasing list of those "necessaries" which, in a more Spartan and heroic age, used to be considered luxuries. There are no luxuries nowadays, and that, in itself, is a bad thing for the national character.

The municipalities follow in the wake of the National Government. There are about a thousand local bodies in Australia, and between them they owe something like £25,000,000. But for the fact that their borrowing powers are strictly limited by Act of Parliament, it is probable that they would owe a great deal more. It is not easy to obtain reliable figures to show the amount of private indebtedness in Australia, but it is very considerable. A large amount of what is called real estate is not really owned by its alleged owners for the sufficient reason that they have not paid for it. Most "owners" of houses do not really own their houses at all; they have paid a deposit on them, that is all. This might not be so very serious were real property imperishable, but, as Adam Smith pointed out a hundred and fifty years ago, real property is just as perishable as personal property.

RELIANCE ON THE STATE.

Now, what becomes of all this borrowed money? The answer in a sentence is that it is used to sap the spirit of independence and to feed that of dependence: to breed inferiority and corruption at the expense of dignity and virtue.

Economically speaking, the average standard of living is higher in Australia than in any other country in the world. There is no other nation anywhere in which the mass of the people are as prosperous as they are in Australia. Our people, therefore, ought to be more self-reliant than others—we should be able to afford to pay for what we want and have less recourse to State aid than elsewhere. But the evidence all points in the opposite direction. One little instance is sufficient to prove that the spirit of self-reliance and the pride of independence are all but dead. As everybody knows, the Government pays a baby bonus of £5. In 1922, the last year for which figures are available, the births totalled 138,140 and the amount paid in claims was £690,000. This means that for every birth the bonus was claimed, whether the financial circumstances of the parents necessitated such claim or not. In the old days people would have scorned to claim such a paltry sum as £5 unless their position made it imperative to do so.

Consider, again, the cost of pensions. Old age and invalid pensions cost the State £5,380,000 a year, exclusive of administrative charges, and war pensions absorb over £7,000,000 per annum. Public benevolence, to say nothing about the enormous range of private or semi-private charities, costs the country considerably over £6,000,000 a year. In this connection it may be mentioned that whilst the expenditure on general hospitals in 1922 was £2,332,116, the fees paid by patients only amounted to £375,757. In the case of mental hospitals, the fees paid by patients amounted to £164,402 as against a maintenance cost of £1,398,148. It is impossible to believe that there is so much poverty in this country that people must rely to that extent upon the State for medical treatment. The point is that the people will grab all they can get for nothing. Their pride of independence and spirit of self-reliance are alike dead.

WAGES AND EDUCATION.

When we come to consider the wages and the education of the people, the same state of affairs is revealed.

The basic wage in this country is calculated for a man with a wife and two children, but it is equally paid to those who have no children and to those who are unmarried. The single man, then, is levying an unjust impost from the employer. "There are now in Australia," said Mr. A. B. Piddington, K.C., recently, "about 1,050,000 male employees and 775,000 children, or about three-quarters of a child to each man. . . . Production accordingly is paying for over 2,000,000 children who do not exist—mythical, dream, one might almost say, nightmare children."

(Continued on page 12.)

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The Wine-Growing Industry Nearing its Finish in South Africa.

Pussyfoot Johnson Reports Marked Changes in Sentiment Among Dutch Wine Farmers; Eager to Find New Uses for Their Grapes; Are Studying Grape Industry of California; Raisin Production Increasing; Alcohol for Fuel Gaining Favor.

(Written for "American Issue" by W. E. (PUSSYFOOT) JOHNSON.)

During the war between France and Madagascar, many years ago, a Britisher named Shaw, a medical missionary, was rendering medical assistance to both Malagans and French wounded. The French soldiers stole Shaw's claret. It made them sick. In high indignation, they arrested Shaw and threw him into a calaboose on charge of "poisoning" the soldiers. The great Gladstone made an awful roar about the matter in the British House of Commons, thundering until it is said the rafters of St. Stephen's rattled. The result was that Shaw was not only turned loose by the French, but was paid a thousand pounds indemnity, whether for lacerated feelings or as remuneration for the stolen wine it does not appear. That was a long time ago, but in all these intervening years, wine has been a torment and prolific source of woe in all these Southern parts.

SMITH AROUSED THEIR IRE BUT MADE THEM THINK.

A dozen years ago the vitriolic Tennyson Smith blew into Stellenbosch, Cape Province, in the stronghold of the South wine "industry" and made one of his characteristic speeches. In his philippic, he graphically portrayed the wine makers as "spawn of the Devil" or some such rude characterisation. Inasmuch as most of his audience was made up of Dutch wine farmers, great was the wrath, and Mr. Smith discreetly found safety via the backstairs route into the darkness, for Dutch anger is something frightful when in action. But Dutch tongues have been wagging ever since, as a Kaffir proverb has it, "a tongue is tail to drive away flies with." But along with the wagging of tongues, there came a certain amount of serious thinking, and this thinking was given a mighty impetus by a variety of circumstances, not the least of which was the action of America in adopting the Eighteenth Amendment.

POPULACE EXPECTED TROUBLE.

So when I landed in Capetown on August 6, the conditions were right for an entirely new deal. It was in the early morning that I disembarked and straightwardly fell into the hands of the leaders of the South African Temperance Alliance, under the auspices of which I came to South Africa. There were A. J. Cook, the General Secretary, Chappel, Dexter, Kitch, Miss Solomon of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and a lot of others. After a hurried reception and the eternal "tea," Cook and I took the train for Worcester, the very heart of the "wine district." This seemed a sensational beginning, but not so sensational as it was natural and strategic. Everybody remembered Tennyson Smith, and wondered if I would be drawn and quartered, or merely hanged. Even the

dryers were apprehensive, and the big Cape-town dailies sent special men to accompany me and "write up" the rows!

WINE GROWERS PROMOTE DRY MEETINGS.

But a new line of thought had come over the people. The local arrangements for the Worcester meeting were made by a wine farmer. The mayor who presided is a wine farmer. I stayed at a licensed hotel. The Town Hall was packed to the doors with wine farmers and a solitary drunk who "started something" was thrown bodily into the street by the wine farmers. I explained how the loyal grape growers of California supported Prohibition as a patriotic movement, even believing that their business would thereby be destroyed. I explained how and why the California grape growers instead of being "ruined" as they expected, became more prosperous than ever, getting two and three times as much for their grapes as they ever did when their product was made up into wine. I was cheered to the echo, and the following day a hurried meeting was arranged at a wine farmer's house fifteen miles in the country for wine farmers alone. I was taken out there in a wine farmer's car, entertained in a wine farmer's home, and spent a bully afternoon with the wine farmers.

ANXIOUS TO GET OUT OF WINE BUSINESS.

All this was not a joke or merely a matter of hospitality. The wine farmers, whose business had come down to them from father to son for three hundred years were in deadly earnest. They were as anxious as anybody to divert their business into something else than making wine. Their church, the Dutch Reform Church, had unanimously approved of Prohibition, and they were seeking a way out of the alcoholic wilderness. Their consciences were tormenting them.

They had heard the rot about the increased price of grapes in America being due to the illicit traffic in "bootleg" wine, but they were not impressed thereby. They were already planning for different things. One enterprise was the Farmers' Co-operative Dried Fruit Company, of Worcester, just launching its first successful year, whose establishment was shown to me with much pride. As a preliminary, they had sent an expert to America who studied the grape industry in California for six months and who is now the manager of the Co-operative Company, teaching the farmers how to properly prepare their raisin grapes for their market. Some of the raisin products of this concern are the finest that I have ever eaten anywhere on earth.

RAISINS AND INDUSTRIAL ALCOHOL.

At Paarl, another enterprise is in the distillation of wine into alcohol which is then mixed with equal parts of gasoline and which makes a very satisfactory motor fuel which already has a wide sale in driving Fords and other motor cars, mostly of American manufacture. In the development of these two avenues of activity, the wine farmers are seeking an outlet for their product along lines that fill a social want, rather than make for national and individual hurt.

And since my advent and conferences with the farmers, they have been making preliminary arrangements for trying out the grape juice enterprise along American lines, for the purpose of selling grape juice without restraint rather than to further go up against the decreasing markets for wine. Wine is now enormously taxed and highly restricted in nearly every corner of the earth. They propose to explore the possibilities of the increasing demand for unfermented wine, rather than to attempt to further compete with France, Spain and Italy for the wine market, which is a vanishing market rather than a growing one.

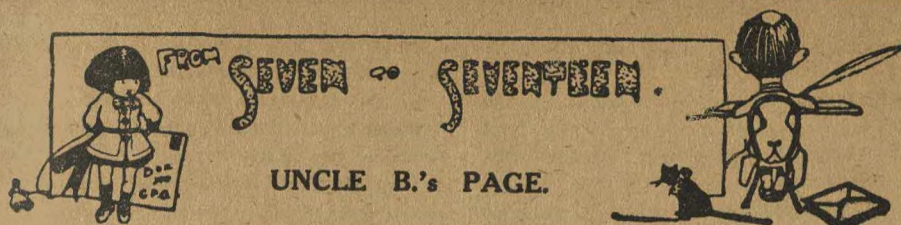
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UNCLE B.'s PAGE.

All boys and girls between the age of seven and seventeen are invited to join the family of Uncle B. Write only on one side of the paper. Send the date of your birthday. There is no fee to pay. If you do not write for three months you are a "scallywag."

Address all letters to Uncle B., Box 390 G.P.O., Sydney.

SABBATH KEEPING.

Contributed by MABEL KATENE.

One Sunday morning as an old gentleman was going to church he saw some boys playing a game. He knew that it was of no use to reprove them. He sat and watched them for some time, and then said, "Boys, I'll tell you a story." The boys gathered round to listen, and he began: "Once a kind man was on a journey. As he was going along a lonely road he met a man who said he had had a great loss. The man was seemingly in great distress, so the kind traveller drew out his purse and said, 'I have only seven shillings with me, but with one shilling I can manage to get to the end of my journey, and you shall have the rest.' He then gave the man six shillings, and one would think the beggar would be well pleased. No such thing! He was not a beggar at all, but a robber. He knocked the good man down with his club, and stole the other shilling from him.

The boys were very indignant. One said he didn't think anyone would be so wicked and so mean.

"Now," said the gentleman, when the boys had ceased speaking, "that is just what you have been doing this morning. God gave you six days and kept the seventh for Himself, but you have been stealing it."

The boys felt very much ashamed. They had been taught a lesson they would not soon forget, and they at once broke up their game.

OUR LETTER BAG.

OUR FIRST MAORI NI.

Mabel Katene, Rangiahua, Frasertown, Hawke's Bay, New Zealand, writes:

Just a few words to introduce myself to you. I am a Maori girl, and am in Std. V. I hope you haven't got the influenza; I have not had it yet, and I hope I won't get it. The influenza has been round this way, and many of the children have been away from school. Some of them are better now, and have returned to school. The weather up here is very hot, but I think yours is hotter than ours. Miss Harlow lent me a copy of "Grit" to read the letters. When I read about the scallywag list I thought if we did not write to you we had to play a

game of scallywag and send our marks to you. I like playing scallywag very much. We have some other games called ping pong, croquet, bagatelle, tiddly-winks, snakes and ladders, ludo, whizz, etc. Well, Uncle, my birthday is on the 18th October. I am 13 years old. We are camping down at the river just now, because we have not any water. The hills are bare now, and the poor animals have not much food. I think I shall bring my letter to a conclusion, so good-bye. I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

(Dear Mabel.—I am so pleased you wrote to me, and thank you for your splendid piece about Sabbath-keeping. Thousands will read it in "Grit," and you have done us all good by sending it. We all hope you will write again.—Uncle B.)

A NEW NI.

Mollie Simpson, Rangiahua, Frasertown, Hawke's Bay, New Zealand, writes:

I would like to join your large family. I am staying with my auntie in Rangiahua, because my father and mother have gone home to the Old Country for a trip. They are to arrive in Wellington on the 23rd December, and we are going to meet them. I was ten years old on the 19th of January. I have a little sister at home called Bettie. We are having no rain just now, and two of our tanks are empty, and the other is nearly empty. Uncle, are you having any rain? Every fine day we go for a swim, and sometimes twice a day. Uncle, are you still collecting stamps? If you are I will send you some that I have saved. Bettie and I are joining the Crutch and Kindness League.

(Dear Mollie.—You are welcome to my big family. Many years ago I had a large number of friends in New Zealand, and very many of them took "Grit," and I had some lovely scallywag Nes and Nis there, but of late years when they grew up no one took their place, so you are very welcome.—Uncle B.)

TOP EACH TIME.

Irene Armstrong, "Rosedale," McKees Hill, writes: My sister gets "Grit." I am in sixth class now, and I am going up for my Q.C. at the end of the year. I succeeded in all my examinations last year and came top each time. We have two tennis courts, one for the grown-ups, the other for the school children. I might join this year. There are plenty of clouds in the sky, so I hope it rains to-night. Well, it ought to, you know. I hope I shall never get on that horrible scallywag list. We have a pony named Bonnie; she is a bay one. I think she is my favorite of our horses; my brothers seem to like Taffy, for he is more of a boy's horse I

think. My sister Marjorie went up for her burglary and would have passed only for her age, she being six months too old. The grass looks nice out in the country. Here are some riddles: (1) What is under the lash all day and gets a good hiding every night?—Your eye. (2) What goes up hill and down hill but never walks?—A road. (3) A man went up to town on Friday, stayed there a week, and came home on the same Friday—Friday the horse. (4) Mrs. Bigger had a baby. Which was the bigger, Mrs. Bigger or the baby?—The baby, because it was a little Bigger. (5) Lay down ten matches. Now tell your chum can he taken seven away and leave four. He will think you cannot do it. So you take seven away and arrange the three into a four.

(Dear Irene.—I am delighted to have a NI who "comes top each time." Many of my Ne's and Ni's have a habit of doing that, and it makes me a very proud man.—Uncle B.)

A NEW NI.

Elleen Gray, Box 164, Lismore, writes: I am joining as one of your Ni's, so I am writing you this letter, and will try not to be a scallywag. I was ten on the 3rd of October. There are six girls in our family. My big sister Gladys is going to join your family. My cousin, Phillip Gray, used to write to you. The baby's name is Hazel; she crawls all over the place. I go to the Public School at Lismore; I am in 5th class. My sister is at Gerringong, staying with her aunty. She is in 4th class. Well, Uncle B., I have a lot more news to tell you.

(Dear Elleen.—Welcome to my family. I have many of my best Ne's and Ni's in the Northern Rivers District. I only wish it was easier to get to see you all up there.—Uncle B.)

KEEPING OFF THE BLACK LIST.

Billy English writes: I am quite sure I am nearly on the scallywag list, but I could not write as I was away for five weeks. I am sending you a photo. It is a view of Taralga, 30 miles out of Goulburn. It is very hot here at night. We need some rain. I have no more news now, so good-bye.

(Dear Billy.—So glad you are keeping off the black list; it is a bit crowded at present. Thank you for the photo.—Uncle B.)

SOME HAIL.

Jean Kirton, c/o. Trotter's Mailbag, Wingham, writes: We had an awful hailstorm on Thursday afternoon. The hailstones were all different shapes, and broke seven panes out of the school residence. There were forty windows broken in town, and one house was struck by lightning. On Wednesday I was having my dinner on the steps and a snake ran over my hand.

(Dear Jean.—That hail must have been dangerous. Am glad I was not driving a young horse in it. I am also glad I was not having dinner with you when the snake joined you. Did you kill it?—Uncle B.)

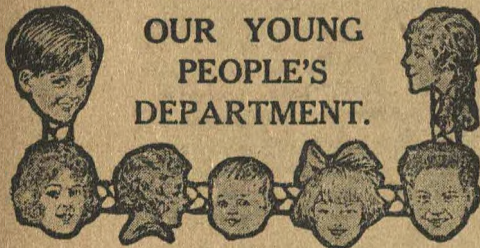
New South Wales Alliance—

(Continued from page 4.)

enmity, and bitterness, to do the job which is left to us to finish, and which we can do. "We can do all things through Christ," and no matter what we may think we have lost in the past, Paul's Christ, Cromwell's Christ, your Christ, remains steadfast and true; helper, workmate, king to those who will. "Work while it is called to-day; for the night cometh wherein no man can work."

"Once to every man and nation
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood,
For the good or evil side."

FIELD SECRETARY.



Address all correspondence re Bands of Hope, Y.P. Societies, and the "New Day Crusade" to W. H. Mitchell, Director of Y.P. Dept., N.S.W. Alliance, 321 Pitt-street, Sydney. (Phone: City 8944.)

Particular attention is called to the following note having reference to Mother's Day:

MOTHER'S DAY.

Owing to our inability to arrange for the Sports Ground, we have had to engage the Town Hall for the demonstration. Please notice this alteration. Tickets and leaflets are now ready. We look to our Societies and friends to make this demonstration and procession "the Great Event of the Year." Following are some help for Societies:

SUGGESTIONS FOR DISPLAYS ON FOOT.

(1) Children dressed as Crusaders, carrying shields and banners with Prohibition mottoes.

(2) Lorry representing "Drink Castle," followed by an army of Temperance soldiers.

(3) Boy dressed as bottle, labelled "The Great Deceiver," who is led by a rope held by large number of other boys dressed as policemen. Carry a motto, "Lock up the Liquor; Not the Man."

(4) Children dressed to represent various sports—cricket, tennis, swimming, etc.—each carrying a quotation from a champion who was a teetotaler.

(5) Boys dressed to represent bottles labelled as various drinks, as beer, wine, whisky, etc., each marked with the percentage of alcohol contained and with the words, "Alcohol is Poison" on each.

(6) Boys marching, dressed as various trades, each with big pay envelope showing amount which goes in wages for £1 spent. Last boy carries bottle and envelope with figures for brewing industry, and finally a motto is carried, "Alcohol keeps wages down."

(7) Children carry shields with health and insurance statistics and quotations. A clean athletic boy, labelled "A first-class temperance life pays low premium," is followed by

a drunkard, labelled "A third-class life paying high premium."

(8) Children carrying various foods labelled according to their cost and food value. Also a bottle of beer, labelled with its cost and food value.

(9) A striking contrast: Children walk in pairs, each carrying card marked either "Raw material" or "Finished product." They then carry something to suggest this for various trades. Thus:

Raw Material.	Finished Product.
Log of wood.	Small wooden article.
Sheaf of wheat.	Loaf of bread.
Bundle of wool.	Woollen garment.
Rags.	Paper.

Mark the "Finished product" "Worth more." Then follow with a sign, carried by several boys, having along the top, "Drink mill." One-half would show group of children marked "Raw material," other half would represent drunkards, marked "Finished product—worth less."

(10) Boys carrying large barrels (made of calico on frame) labelled "Australia's Greatest Burden," and with total drink bill on it.

Loafing on the Government—

(Continued from page 9.)

It has been pointed out that the average weekly wage rate in Australia is considerably higher than the basic wage, being about 91/6 for men and 47/11 for women. But the fact that the employer is willing to pay higher wages for special effort is no reason why he should be compelled to provide in his wages bill for children who do not exist. The subject is an interesting one to which we may return. For the moment, it is sufficient to note that there is here further evidence of the universal desire of the day to obtain something for nothing. Literally, for nothing, since the value of production does not increase. Although there were 342 more factories in 1923 than in the previous year, and although more people were employed, more capital was involved and more wages paid, the value of output did not increase.

The maintenance of State schools in Australia in 1921 cost £7,717,719. The enrolled number of scholars was 819,042, and the average attendance was 666,498. At the same time there were 198,688 pupils enrolled in private schools with an average attendance of 164,073. Now, the point is that the people who send their children to private schools not only pay heavy fees for their education, but, in addition, they have to pay, through taxation, for the education of the children who are sent to the State schools. It may well be doubted whether free education is a blessing. By all means let us have compulsory education, but let it be free only in necessitous cases. The great majority of Australian parents can well afford to pay for the education of their children, and the whole present system of relieving parents of natural and legitimate responsibilities towards their offspring is destroying the foundations of family life and the respect of

children for their parents, which is the only solid basis of the social edifice.

£12,000,000 FOR BOOZE.

When to all that precedes we add the hundred and one other directions in which State aid by way of free services, subsidies and the like, is sought, we begin to understand why this terribly hard-up and pauperised community is able to find vast sums annually for the gratification of pleasure in all its forms. In particular, we begin to see where most of the huge sum, rapidly approaching £12,000,000, comes from that is annually spent in the State of New South Wales alone on booze. It is filched from legitimate to go into illegitimate expenditure, by the simple process of transferring to the shoulders of the State obligations which self-reliant and self-respecting people ought to assume for themselves.

It is often asserted by the opponents of Prohibition that a large number of people would be thrown out of employment if the hotels and breweries were shut up. Even if the contention were true, it would not constitute a solid objection because the good of the community as a whole is more important than that of a small section of it. But the contention is not true. These people would be quickly absorbed in reproductive industry owing to the increased spending power of the people. Consider what would become of the £12,000,000 which at present pays for alcoholic drink. It is estimated that one-third would go into the Savings Banks, one-third would go in legitimate expenditure (better homes, better and more abundant clothing, better furniture, and so forth), and one-third for luxuries. That means that £8,000,000 at least would be spent in channels which would stimulate every industry in the country and thus greatly increase the national wealth. It is conceivable that there would be a revival of the weakened spirit of self-reliance and that the cost of government would be proportionately reduced, thus lessening taxation and the progressive transference of the national heritage to the British pawnshop. However these things may be, one thing is certain: we must have a great national awakening, a revolt against the sordid and debasing reliance upon the Government for everything, a return to the grand spirit of self-reliance and self-respect which won for our ancestors the admiration of the world. To furnish a man with comforts at the expense of his character is to drive him headlong into the abyss.

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Following are paid to 30/12/24: Rev. W. N. Lock, Miss Penfold, Mrs. Hunter, Mrs. J. H. Anderson, H. C. Wilson, J. F. Turner.

MIXED NUMBERS.

A colored school teacher is credited with the following: "The word 'pants' am an uncommon noun, because pants am singular at the top and plural at the bottom."

NOT QUITE.

The Press Man (interviewing notorious personage recently released from prison): "And then shall I say that you walked forth from the grim gates of prison a free man?"

The Notoriety: "No, no, you can't say that. I had the wife with me!"

THE FREE-ER THE BRAVER.

"The rapidly increasing divorce rate," remarked the newcomer, "proves that America is fast becoming the land of the free."

"Yes," said his friend, "but the continuance of the marriage rates shows that it is still the home of the brave."

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DAILY INSPIRATION.

(By FAIRELIE THORNTON).

SUNDAY.

"And when the disciples saw Him walking on the sea, they were troubled, saying, 'It is a spirit,' and they cried out with fear."—Matt., xlv., 26.

What lesson does this scene in our Lord's life convey to us? We are sailing over life's ocean. Perhaps all is calm when we set out, but the night of adversity comes on. Trial, temptation, or sorrow may cause us to be tossed about, and well-nigh sink beneath the waves of woe. All looks dark. Not a star of hope shines. Our home seems afar off. Even Christ is almost forgotten. But He does not forget us. His loving heart cannot rest away upon the mountains, even though interceding for us, while we are in danger. He hastens to our relief. Perhaps we see Him, but do not recognise Him. In our faithless fears, we are afraid at His presence, knowing not He comes to our help. O, faithless heart, how often has He to say to thee, as to Peter: "Oh, thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" We essay to go to Him, but the waves are still dark and high, and He seems so far off; we cry in agony and terror, "Lord, save me," and He always hears. He takes our hand in His, and comes to steer us over the ocean, and suddenly there is a great calm.

MONDAY.

"He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still."—Ps. 107, 29.

Fear not, then, Christian, when thy faith seems failing; Jesus never faileth. When the winds are highest, when the waves are fiercest, Jesus will come to thee. Thine eyes may be blinded that thou dost not see; but it is He. "This same Jesus, the very same who left those mountains lone to visit His disciples, is at this very moment of time standing beside you, saying, 'It is I, be not afraid.' He is visiting you in this message. As you read this, it is His voice coming to His disciples in the storm. He often comes thus. It may be by a sermon (perhaps not recognised), it may be by His secret whispers to the soul; it may be by a text brought to mind, or it may be, as in your case now, by some passage of Scripture brought before you in reading. Do not turn away in fear, but receive Him into your company, and He will make the storm a calm, and bring you to your desired haven.

TUESDAY.

"Oh, thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

Trust me to guide thee safely
Across this troubled sea,
For none can ever perish
Who trusts himself to Me.
Look not at thine own weakness,
Gaze not at these dark waves,
But look away—look only
To Him Who only saves.

WEDNESDAY.

"Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask Him."—Matt., 6, 8.

Yes, He knows all the inmost needs of the human heart; needs which we perhaps are scarcely conscious of, and which, if we did know of, we could not satisfy, Jesus knows. Then why is it that we worry and torment ourselves with such needless anxiety? Why? We may well ask. We have only to bring those needs to our Heavenly Father to have them all supplied. "Ye have not because ye ask not." Never need we

have a single fear from morning till night, since our Father knows all about us. In this beautiful chapter we are given the reasons why we should not fear. Doth not our Father feed the birds, care for the lilies, and clothe the fields? Will He not much more feed, clothe, and care for His own children? We have no more real cause for worry and anxious thought than have the lilies of the field.

Yet how often do we allow ourselves to be tormented about what may never happen. We get down into the Valley of Despond, where we hear no voice save the evil spirits of Mistrust and Foreboding; we feel no hand to lead us save the cold hand of Doubt, we see no form save the phantom shadow of Despair, and we cry, "Save me, O God, for the waters are come into my soul." And immediately He whispers, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee." "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." He upbraideth not. He is "full of compassion." "Was there ever kindest Shepherd, half so gentle, half so sweet?" Oh, faithless heart, bring all your cares to Him, for He careth for you.

THURSDAY.

"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."—I. Pet., 5.6.

Come and cast thy cares upon Me,
For thou know'st I care for thee,
Weary, heavy-laden one,
Seeking rest and finding none.

Come and cast thy cares on Me,
Longing now to be set free,
Burdened with that load of sin,
Come, and I will take thee in.

Burdened with the cares of life,
Weak and weary with the strife,
Come, and bring them all to Me,
I will bear them all for thee.

Friendless art thou, or distressed?
Is thy mind with doubts oppressed?
Though all other friends may flee,
Jesus still doth care for thee.

FRIDAY.

"Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip."—Heb., 2, 19.

Feelings do not alter facts. Thank God for that. Feelings are variable as the wind. As one of the old hymns says, "I am never at one stay, changing every hour I am." There is only One who can say, "I change not," and because of this He says, "Therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." What a wonderful "therefore" this is. We wonder sometimes why God lets the wicked go on and does not punish them. It is because His mercy is everlasting, and He is not willing that any should perish, but gives all the longest possible chance. You say you cannot feel God loves you. Well, that does not alter the fact. Some people are always feeling their spiritual pulse, and studying their symptoms. A person in health does not feel his heart beating. Just

give up thinking about how you feel. You may be one who has not much emotional power. You are saved if you come to Christ, not because you feel certain things, but because you take certain facts and rest upon them. This will result in action. A man acts upon what he believes. No man can believe Christ died for his sins, and still desire to continue in them.

SATURDAY.

"I am the Lord, I change not."—Mal. 3, 5.
Only three words are all you need to pray,
And they will take your load of sin away,
Just pray this little prayer then every day—
"Lord save me."

When fierce temptations o'er thy spirit roll,
And almost overwhelm thy sinking soul,
Whisper these words, and Christ will take control—
"Lord, save me."

And when at last you come to cross death's brink,
He will not let you 'neath the cold waves sink;
This little prayer your soul to His will link—
"Lord, save me."



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THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT—DISCOVERIES—TRIVIAL THINGS.

THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT.

My method of enjoying a real holiday would not do for everybody. About some things we are all individualists, and it is when we are released from the chain of duty for a few hours we give what play we are able to our individual desires. Your personal desires may lead you to where crowds gather and the sprite of carnival reigns upon her throne of rose petals. My desires lead me to other places. From the time when as an inquiring boy of five summers I was wont to go away to a

corner behind the hollies and flat on my back patiently watch the clouds for just one chance view of an angel, and from that time until now the places where men come not always call to me.

How keen is the memory of those days when I sought after angels! I was very confident that one day I should be rewarded by catching a glimpse of a pair of white wings. Those beautiful clouds were made for angels' playgrounds. The fleecy mountains and white soft valleys were easily peopled when a small pair of eyes were

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EARLE PAGE, Treasurer.

Commonwealth Treasury, March, 1924.

tightly shut, and when from between half-open lids those eyes peered into the sky every angel fled. Yes, that little boy then believed that all angels lived in the sky and all devils in some other place. He knows better now, and seeks angels, not in clouds, but in homes, and in the search sometimes meets a devil who is away from home.

* * *

I have reassured myself about several matters during these last few days. At home our milk

comes every morning. I don't know what time the milkman arrives, always before daylight, and never when I am chasing slugs in the garden or doing some other before breakfast job. My knowledge that he comes is the full jug in the cupboard beside the back door. After a few years of never a sight of the milkman and much blue milk, it is reassuring to make quite sure that cows continue to browse, chew the cud, and give rich yellow milk. I have reassured myself by the best possible way. To leave the house in the grey of the morning, walk through the dew-laden grass to the dairy, stand by while Strawberry lazily allows Jim to fill his bucket from her over-full udders, and to come away from the bails with the billy full to the top with warm milk is an experience well worth while. We get hens' eggs for breakfast now. About 11 a.m.—after morning tea and toasted scones—we saunter over to Jim's place and get the eggs. The hens roam about where they will, and make nests in any quiet corner inside the barn. I push the big barn door open and explore the nests. The eggs are some brown and some white. My fancy is for the brown ones; they look rich and tempting. I collect a dozen, find Jim, and report my bag, and then home. Eggs from a barn are certainly an improvement on cold storage eggs. They—the ones I collect from the barn—are less obtrusive and more modest than their frozen brethren.

* * *

I have discovered my family! Of course I've had a settled conviction for some years now that

I had a family. I have clothed them, which is a never-ending job. I suppose I wore out as many boots and pants as my kiddies do; I'm sure I did not wear out more—that would be impossible. I feed them and occasionally see them. But now I have a chance to get to know them. We get lunch early and then for the Bush. Bob carries the tomahawk and water bottle. George carries the knife, six inches long when shut; Doug holds my hand, and, when the others are out of hearing, tells me, "Don't you be afraid, Dad, cos I've got a big stick." Thus in the Bush with its rustling leaves and fairies and gnomes I discover my kiddies. We know where the fairies live, and once we actually found two wee houses which once upon a time housed Snugglepot and Cuddle-

(Continued on next page.)

pie. We climb trees, build fires, see who can throw farthest, and get delightfully tired. One mystery remains unsolved. Doug is anxious to know who it was who planted the seeds from which the trees on the mountains grew. I have explained the mystery, but he is a sceptic, and is unconvinced.

* * *

You must come into the country if you would re-discover the evening and the night. Across the hills, which lie so silent in front of my window, I watch for the coming of Evening. With quiet footfall she steals from her home back of the sunset and lays her gossamer cloak over the trees and paddocks. And during her task there comes a stillness, the lowing of the cattle on the hills is hushed, and for a brief moment the peace of Nature broods over the countryside. Then comes the breeze and ushers in Night, who vanquishes Evening, and for many hours reigns queen of darkness.

There is a road near our house which loses itself in the Bush. This road starts well. It is well made, as country roads go, and well defined. After following the railway line for about five hundred yards it dwindles into a mere track, and then suddenly goes off into the Bush, not as a road, but only a pad. Away it goes, twisting and turning, and actually leading to nowhere.

The moralist would find this road an apt illustration of human life. The good start which ends in the Bush of Mediocrity. Anyway a road only remains good when well used, which if applied to men accounts for greatness. The great are those whom people use!

Let us return to my road. The time to wander along this track is after night has come. By the time you enter the Bush your eyes are used to the darkness, and it is easy to follow the track. After walking for about a mile along the path we reach—that is, my stick and I—an open space. A big dead tree has fallen, and makes a good seat. Here we rest. The path meanders off to Nowhere and our interest in it ceases. What a night it is! Did the stars ever shine so bright before? The leash of the mind is loosed and we wander away into infinity. Space is clean. The limitless heavens are uncontaminated with the littleness of human beings. We pause on the heights and reconstruct our view of life. How small are the great ones of earth; how great are those who do the little things of life and do them well! In this atmosphere we glimpse the eternal truth that all that matters in life is our faithfulness to the highest. And struggling to do that we can afford to be careless of meanness and spite, and above the portals of our life's tiny temple write: "They say, what do they say, let them say."

The night has grown old while we rested. Let us back to our cottage on the hillside.

PASS "GRIT" ON.

"The House of Economy"

What to Wear FOR Autumn & Winter, 1924

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Western Wives—

(Continued from page 3.)

5. Establishment of midwifery hospitals, with teaching facilities, in all important country centres, and complete segregation where possible of such country institutions from the general hospitals.

With the passage of the Nurses' Registration Bill, listed for the next session of Parliament, increased facilities will be needed for the greater number of midwifery nurses then requiring to be trained.

The Country Women's Association is to be very heartily congratulated upon the movement just inaugurated to secure better provision for country mothers—those brave women who face death with every birth, and whose lives in times past have been so wantonly sacrificed by Government neglect to provide for their deepest needs.

It is fitting that women should lead this fight for women, as no other section in the community can appreciate to the full the tragic position of the woman who faces maternity without proper care.

The following statement of the existing

state of affairs in this State has been prepared by Mrs. Orr, an active member of the Country Women's Association, who is herself a trained nurse with wide country experience of country conditions. She has witnessed tragedy after tragedy which could have been averted had proper attention in country centres been available.

To her should go the thanks and appreciation of the thousands of women whom she seeks to help. Mrs. Orr asks the co-operation of every mother and of every other woman in pushing this great reform forward. We appeal through "Grit" for help.

If our readers would be a link in the chain of power which will arouse the public conscience to the terrible state of affairs now obtaining, please communicate with Miss Preston Stanley, New South Wales Alliance, Macdonell House, 321 Pitt-street Sydney.

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